

NORR

I WAS WORKING ON A DEVICE TO DEFROST FROZEN CAR-DOOR LOCKS WHEN I GOT AN IDEA ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

PROBOSCIDEA = ELEPHANTS



THE MOST RECENT ANCESTOR OF THE MODERN ELEPHANT WAS THE MAMMOTH. STILL AROUND DURING THE PLEISTOCENE, ABOUT 10,000 YEARS AGO.



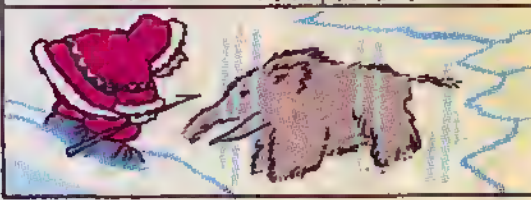
THE EARLIEST SPECIMENS OF MODERN MAN (THAT'S US) HUNTED MAMMOTS, AND DREW LOTS OF PICTURES OF THEM.



MAMMOTS OF VARIOUS SORTS USED TO BE ALL OVER THE PLACE. THERE WERE LOTS OF THEM IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, FOR EXAMPLE. BUT THOSE WEREN'T THE WOOLLY KIND, SO THE HECK WITH THEM.



THE REALLY NEAT MAMMOTS WERE THE WOOLLY MAMMOTS, WHO LIVED IN PLACES LIKE SIBERIA, NORTHERN CANADA AND ALASKA. SEVERAL OF THEM HAVE BEEN FOUND IN PERFECT SHAPE, FROZEN STIFF.



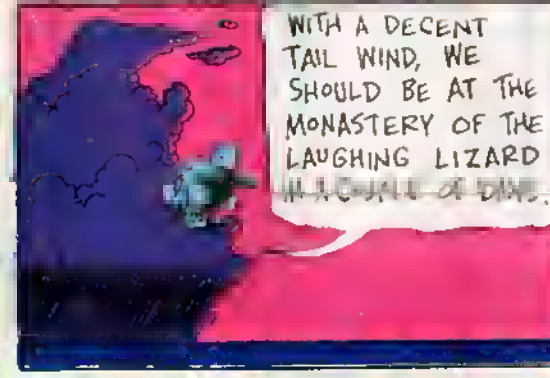
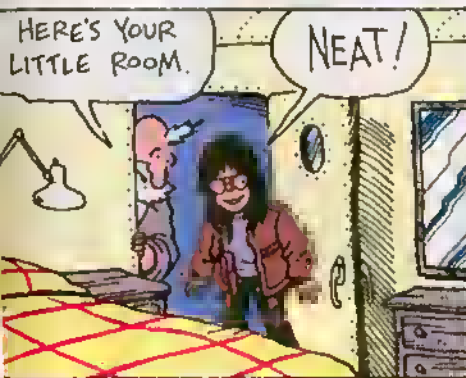
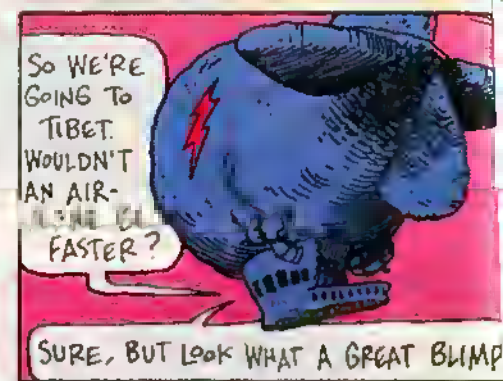
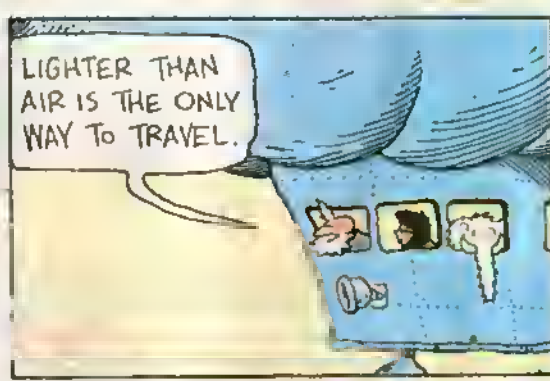
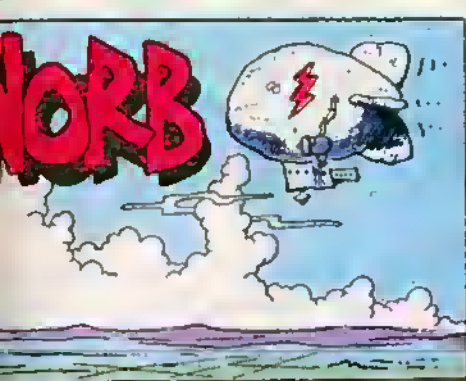
"WELL, THE CAR-DOOR-LOCK DEFROSTER I'D INVENTED TURNED OUT TO BE A LITTLE OVER-ENGINEERED FOR TODAY'S CONSUMER, SO I GOT PERMISSION FROM THE SOVIETS TO LOOK AROUND NORTH OF YAKUTSK."

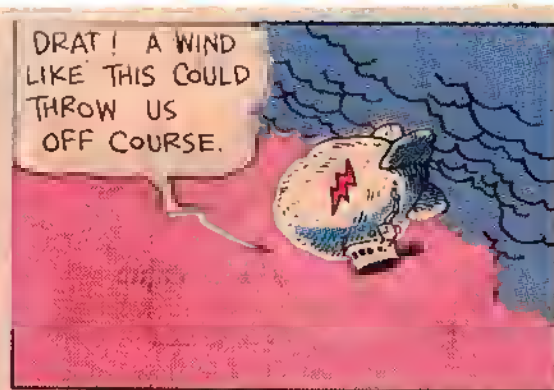
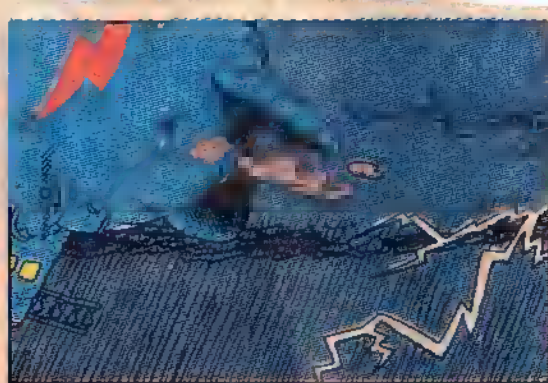


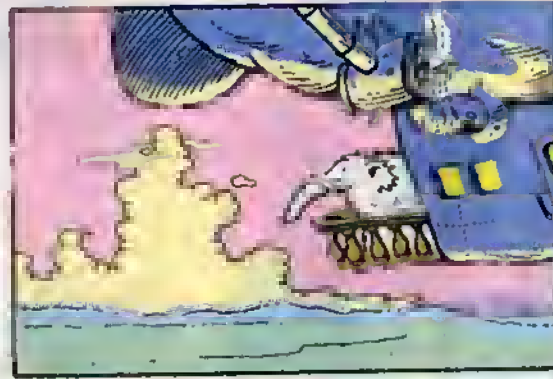
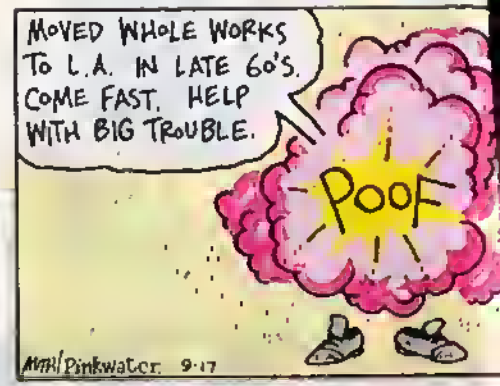
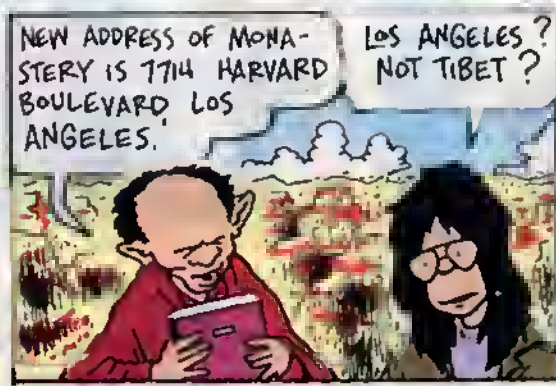
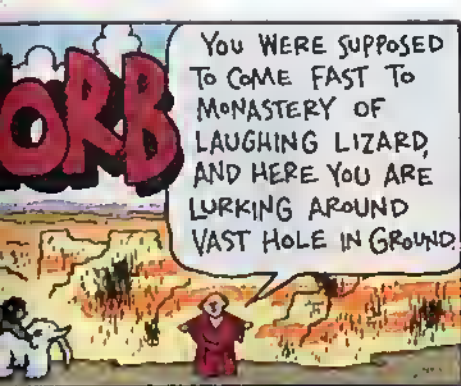
AND THAT'S WHERE I FOUND YOU, EUGEN!

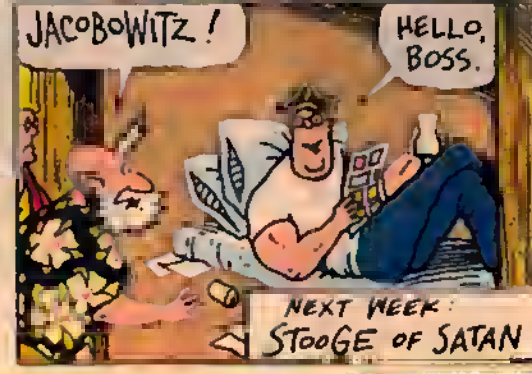
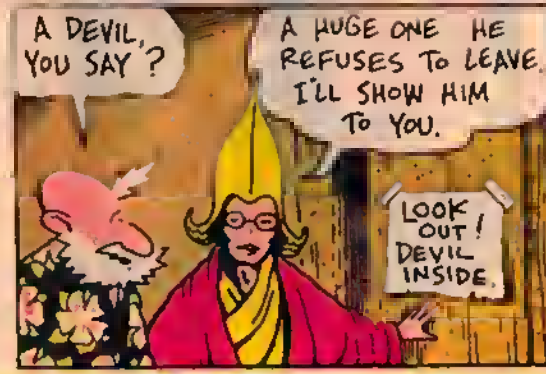
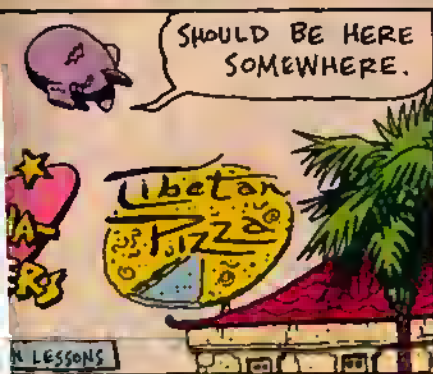
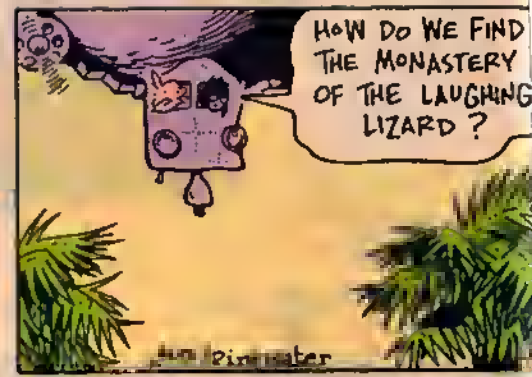
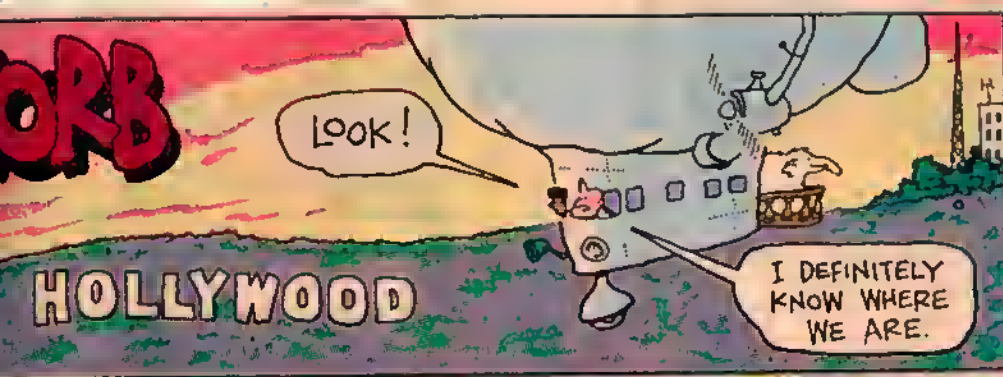


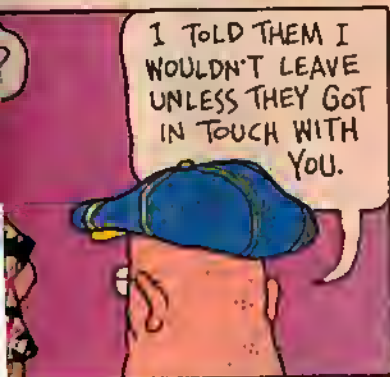
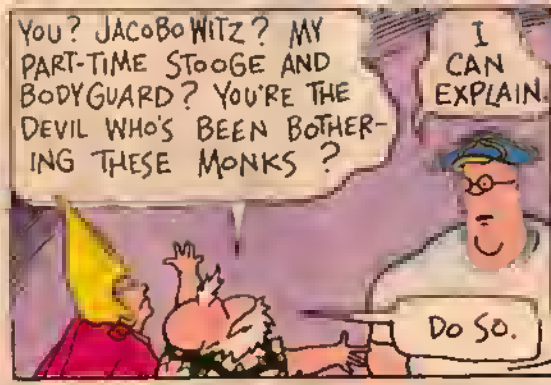
NEXT WEEK: A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE

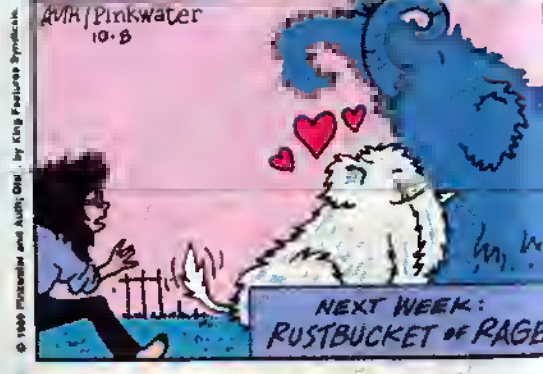
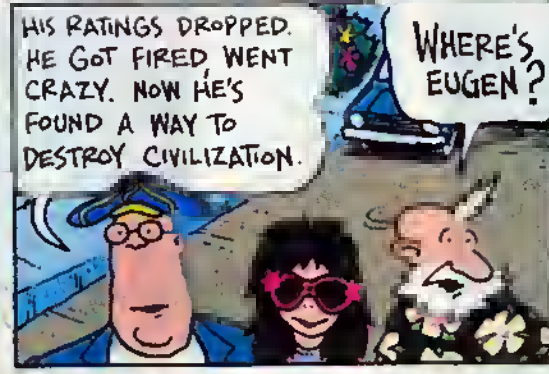
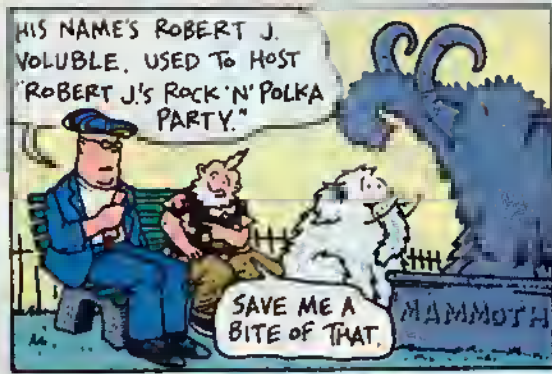
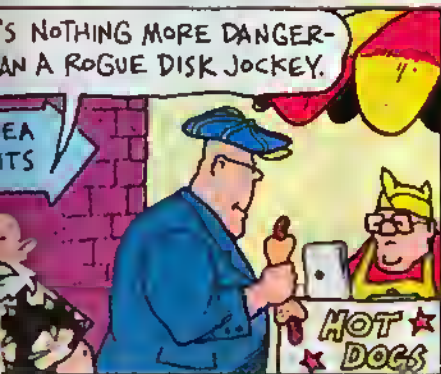
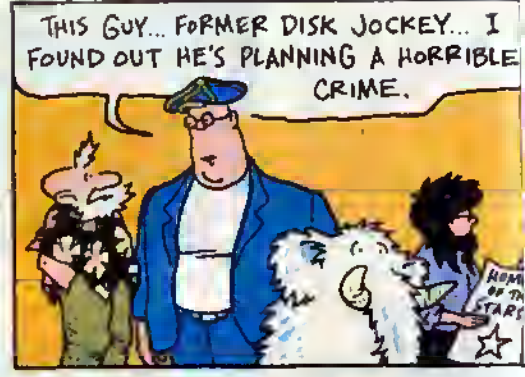


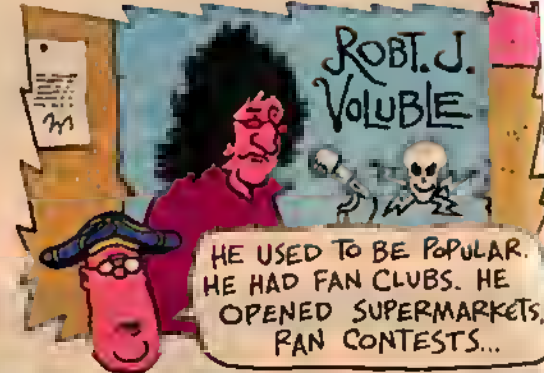
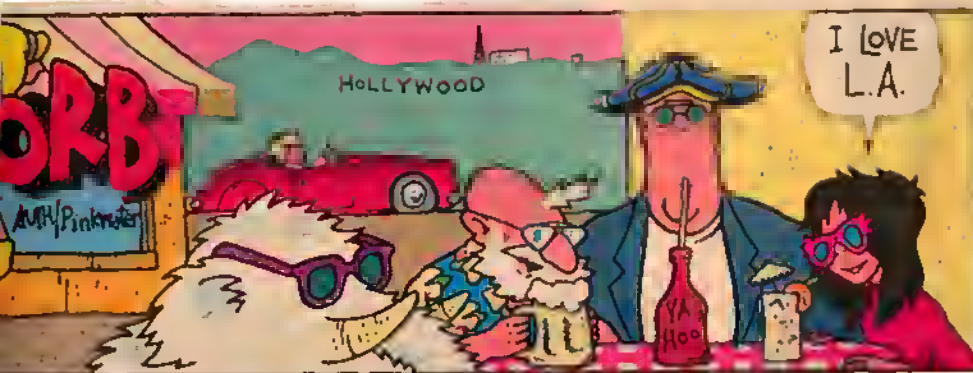








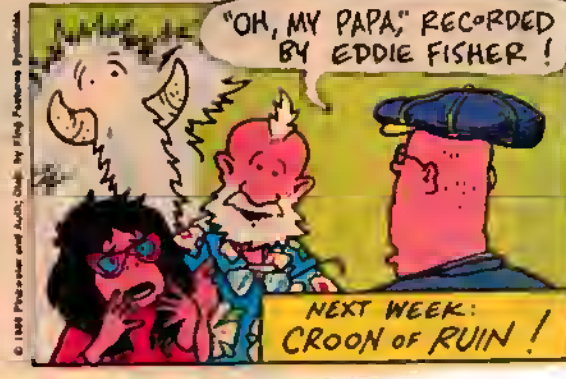
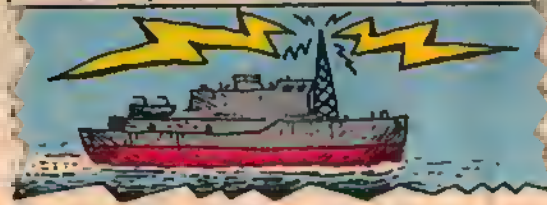


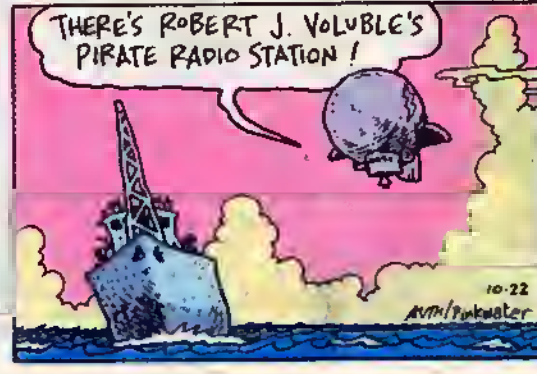
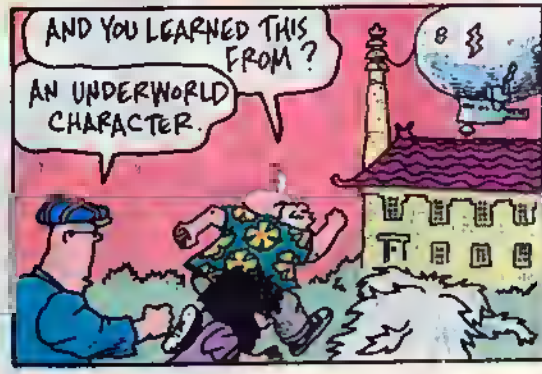
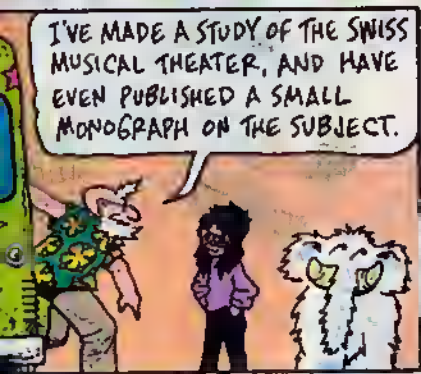
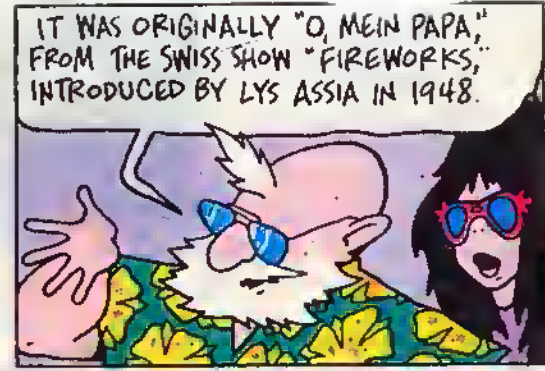
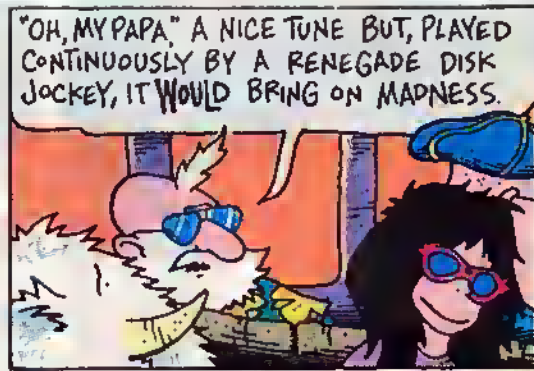
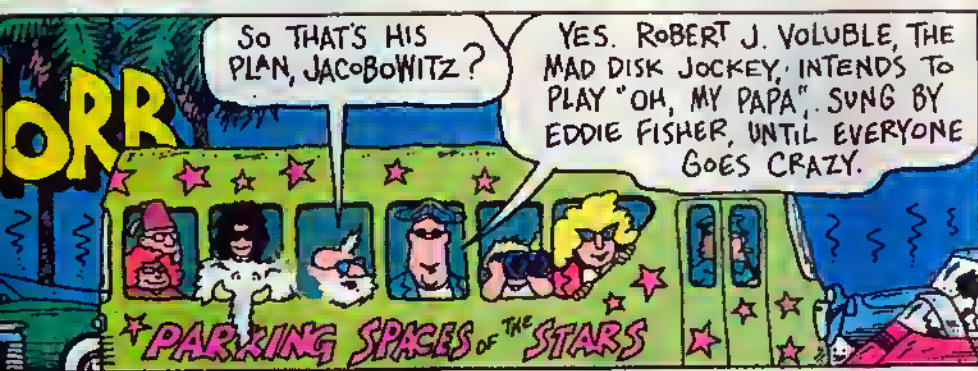


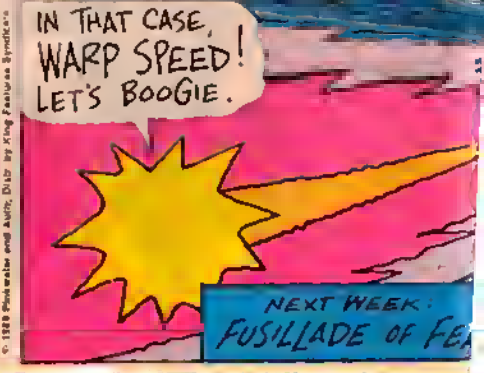
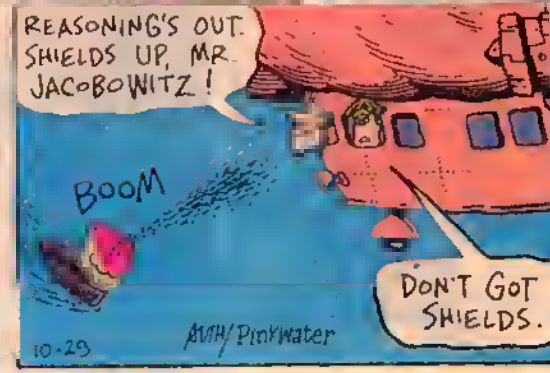
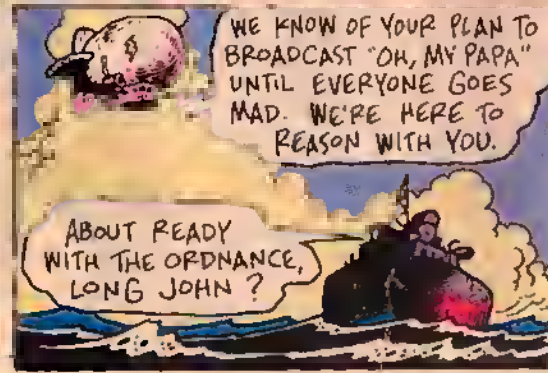
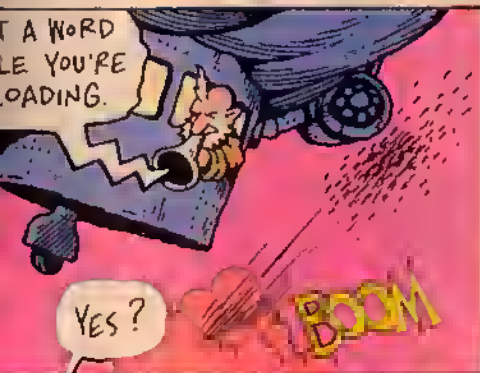
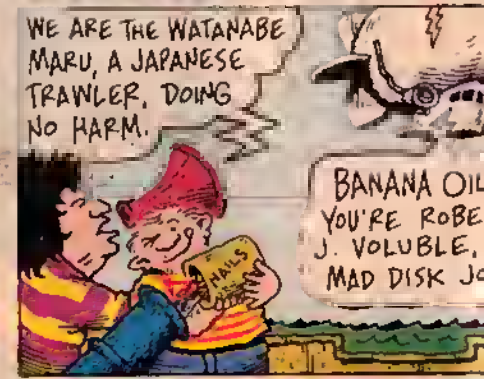
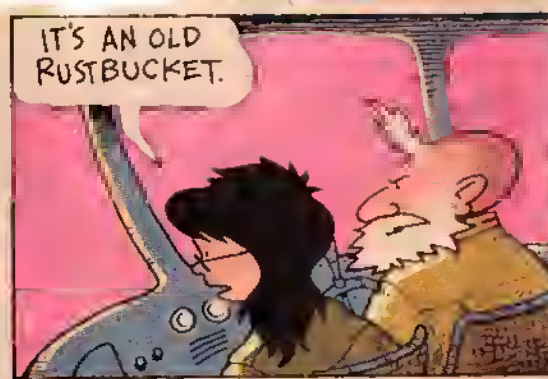
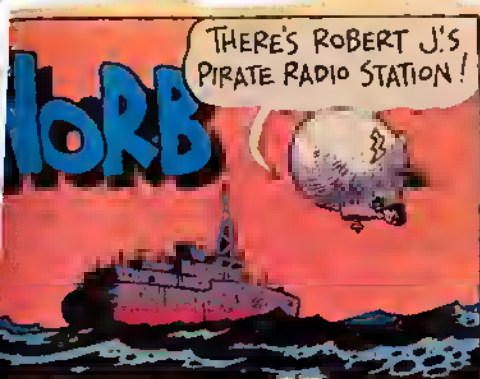
FLEETING. HE LOST HIS E. PEOPLE SCORNEED HIM. FIRED. HE WENT MAD...



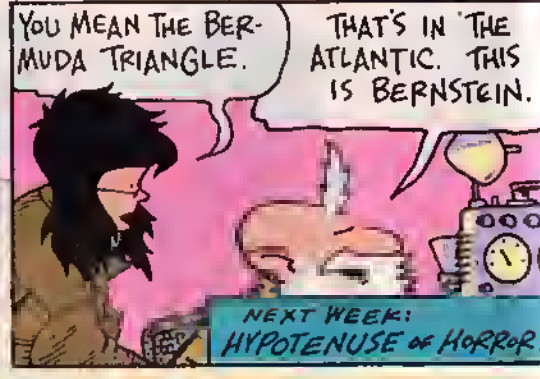
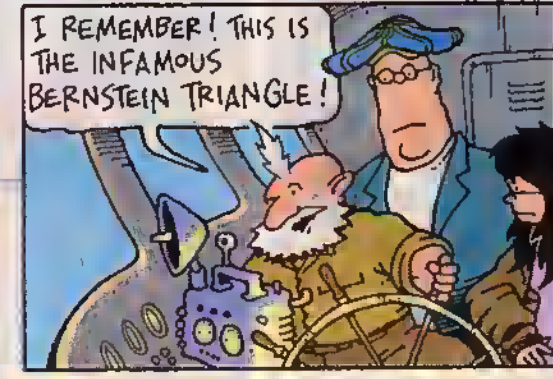
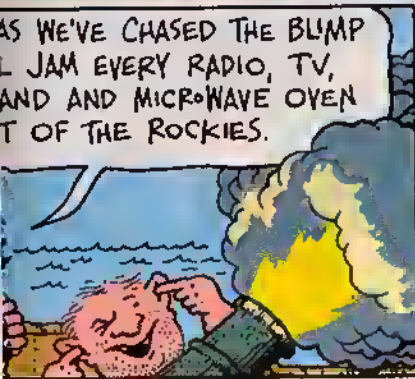
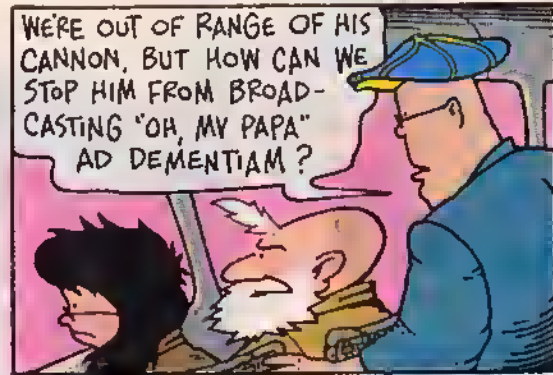
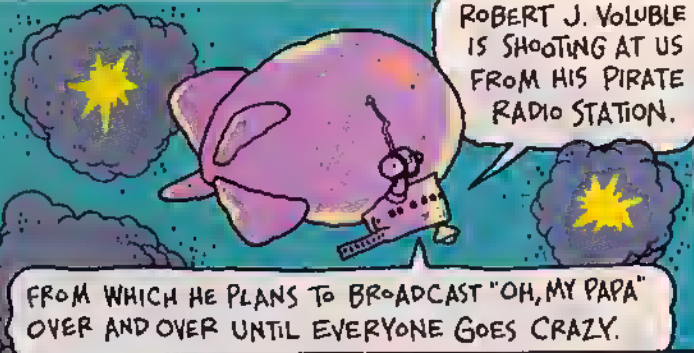
"NOW HE'S GOT THIS OLD SHIP-A PIRATE RADIO STATION WITH A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER. HE CAN SEND A SIGNAL WHICH WILL OBLITERATE ALL AM, FM, TV AND MICROWAVE."

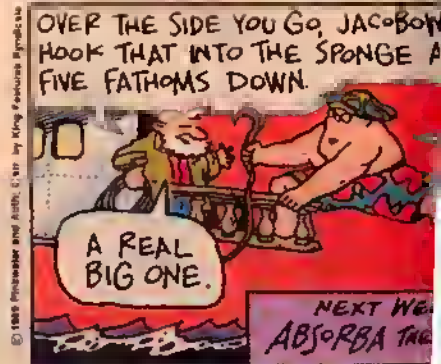
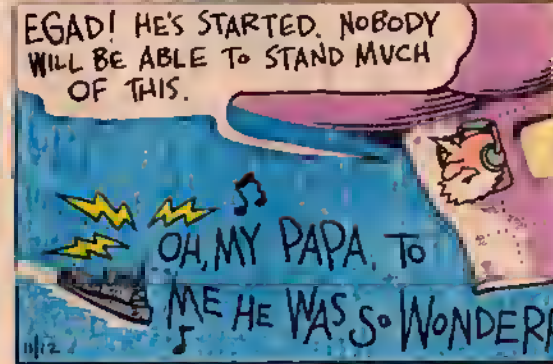
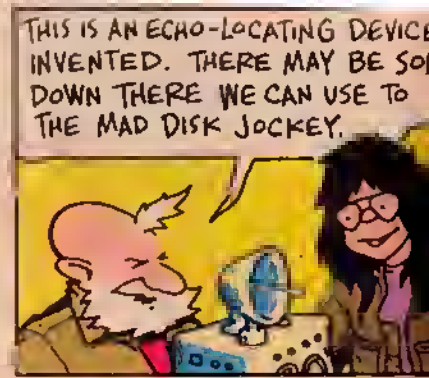
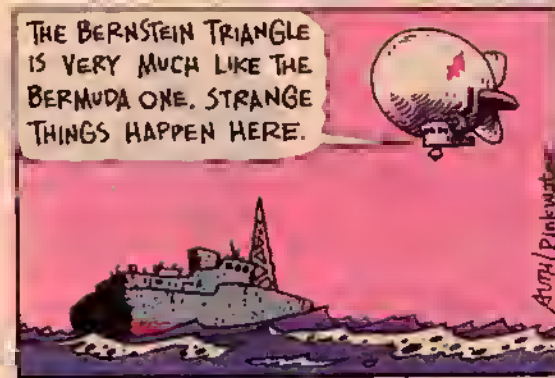
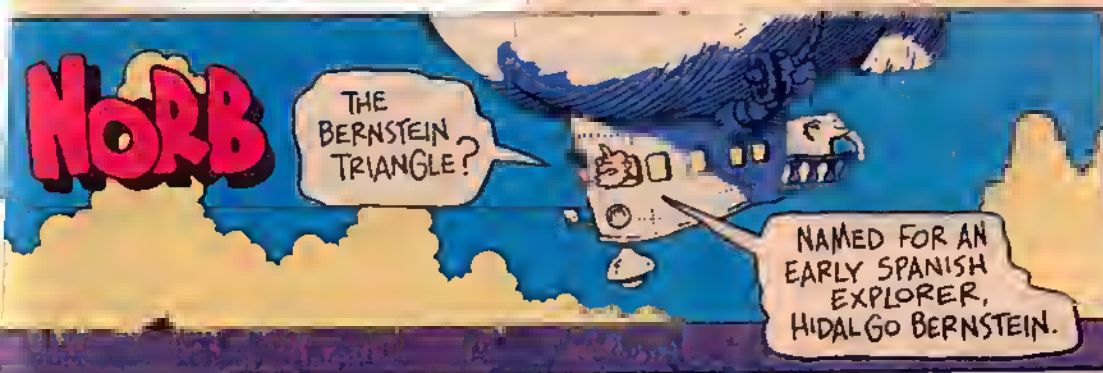


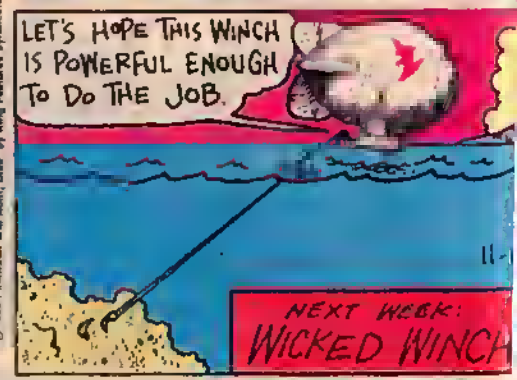
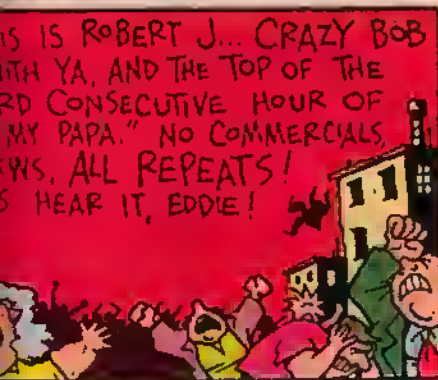
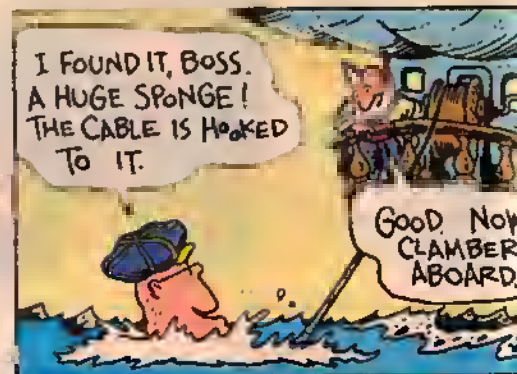
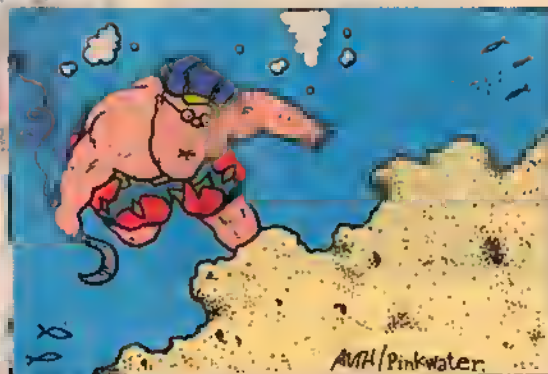
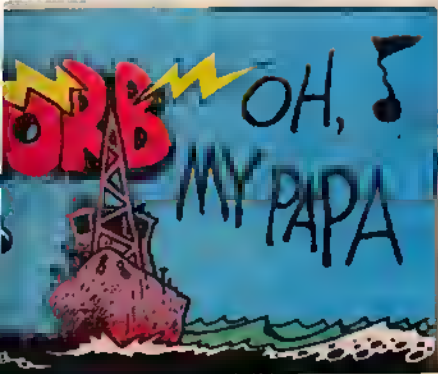




ORB

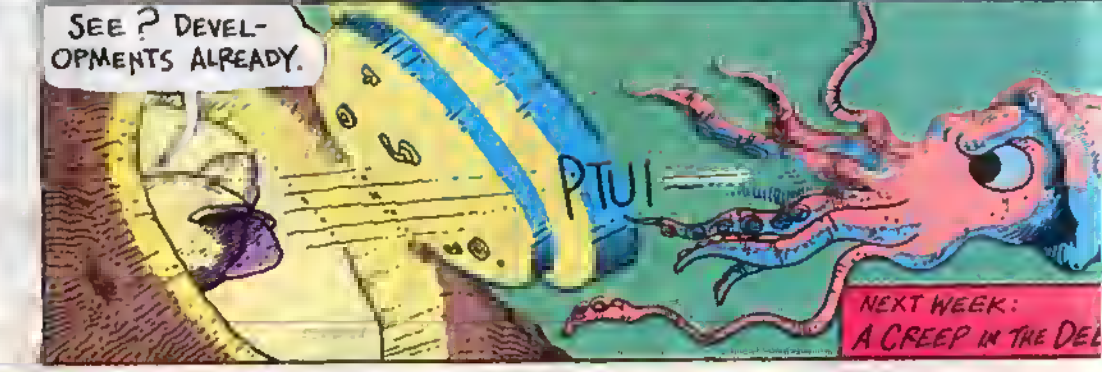
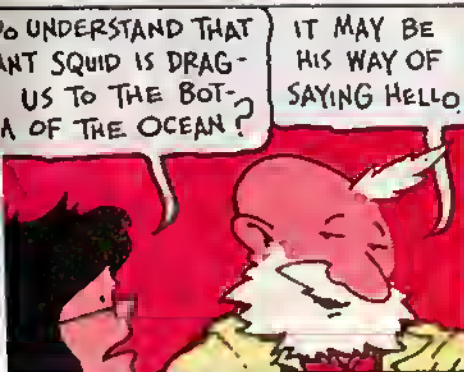




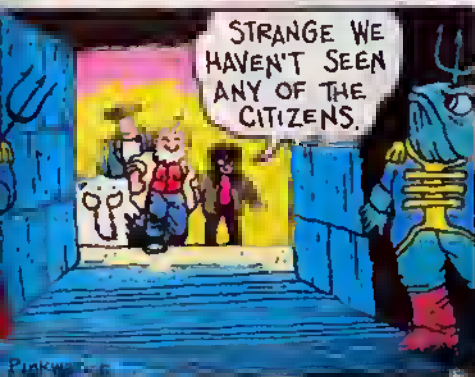
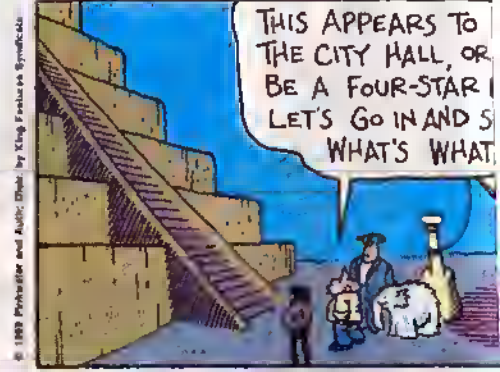
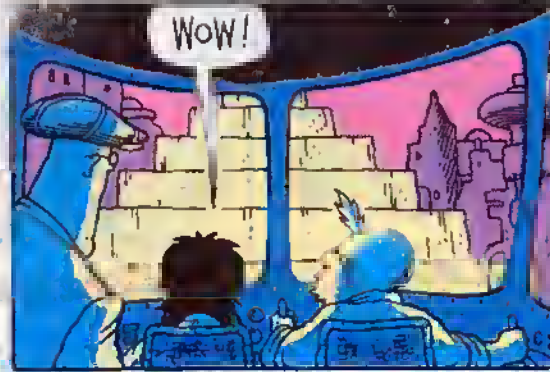
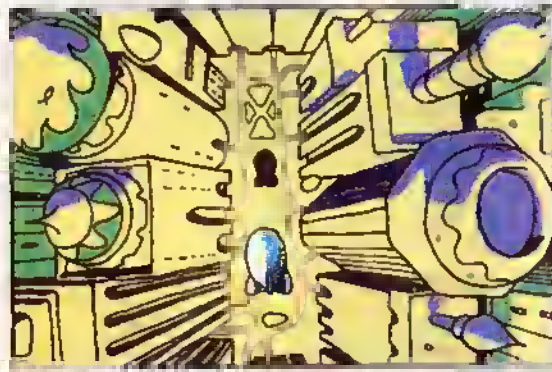


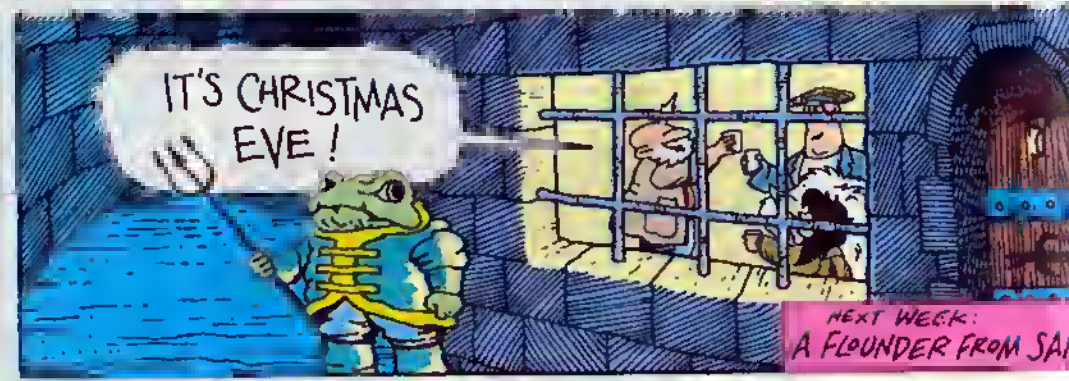
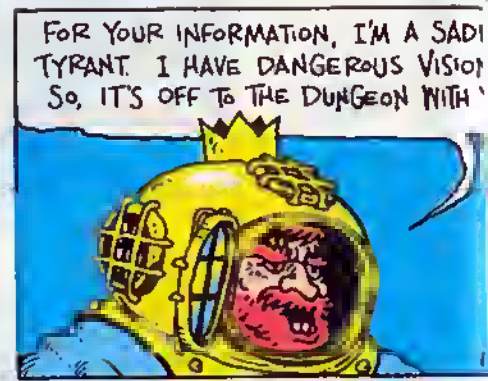


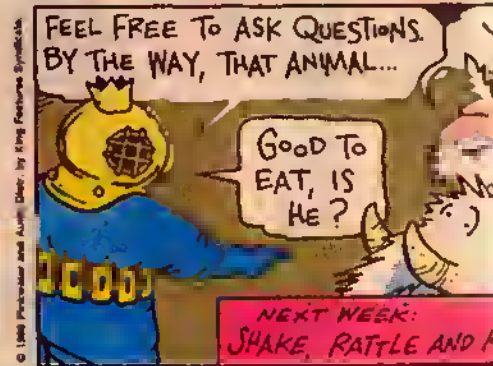
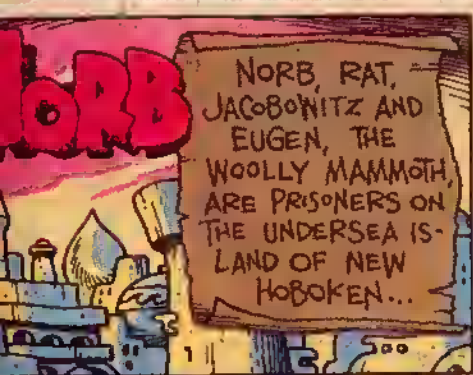
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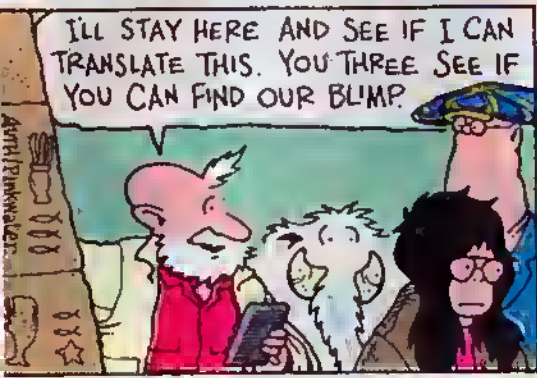
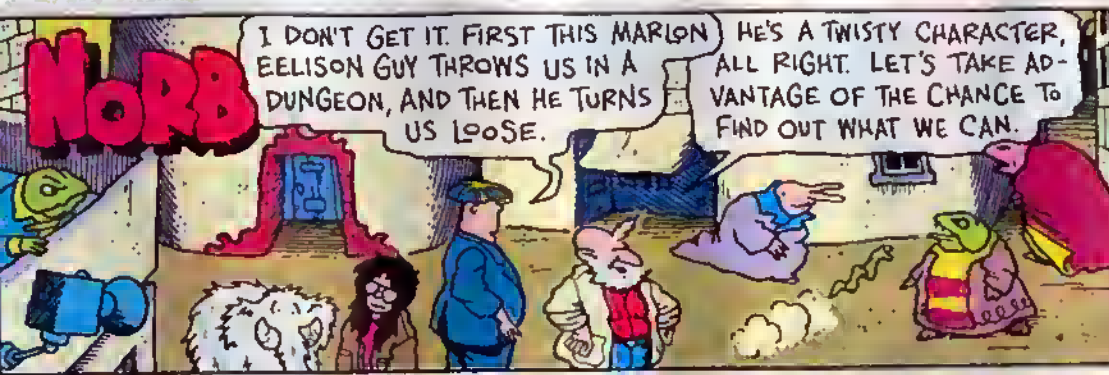




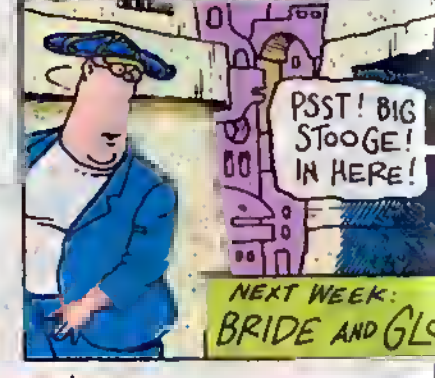


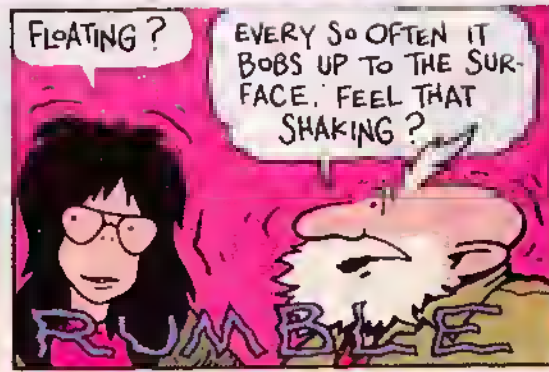
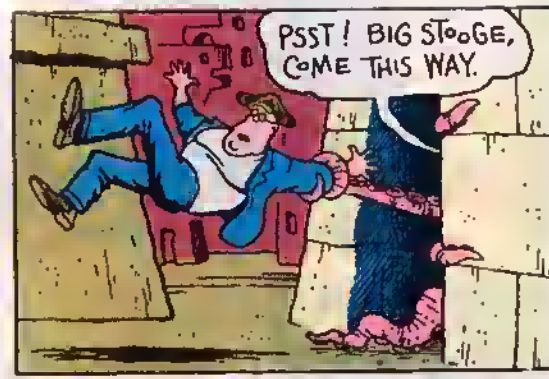
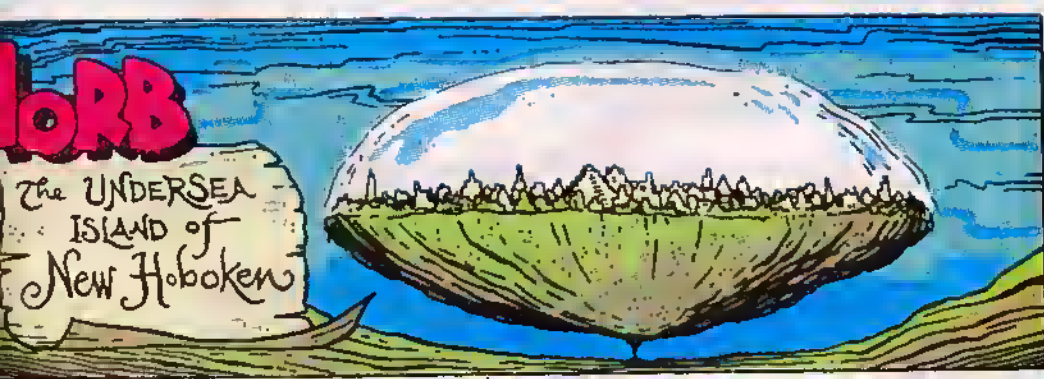


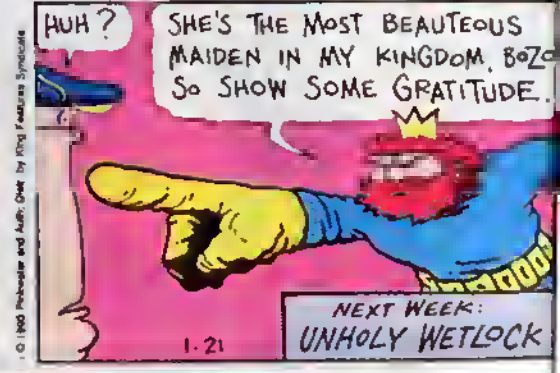
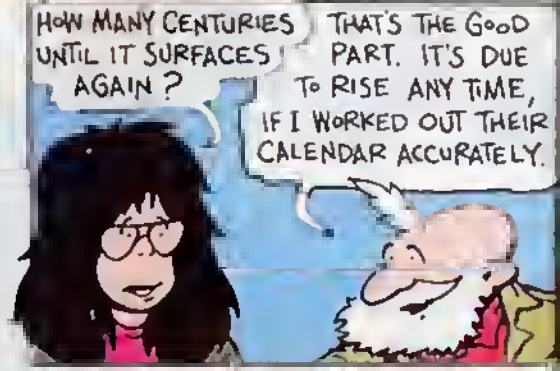


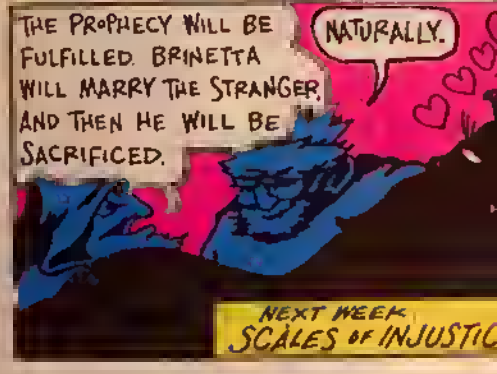
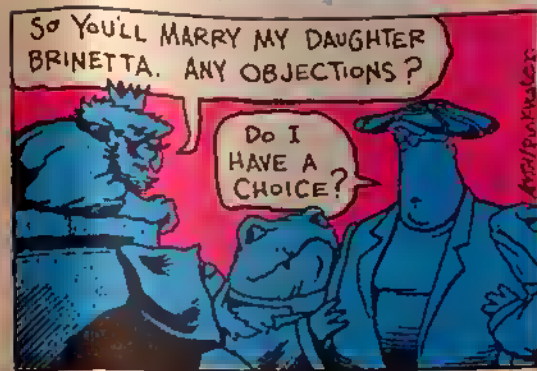
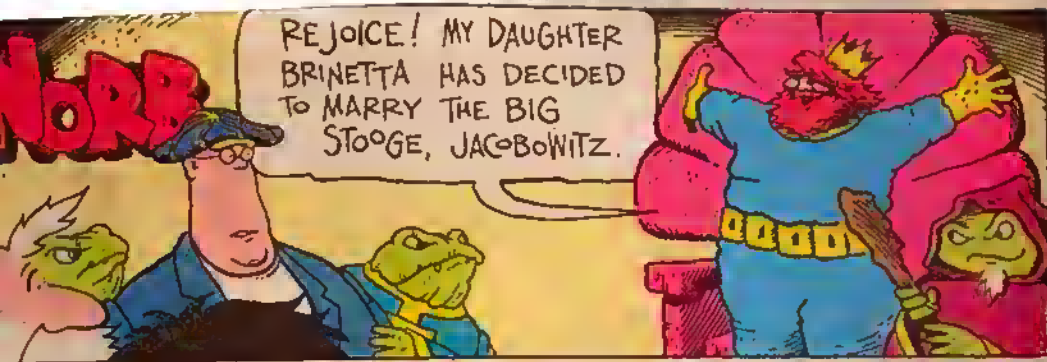


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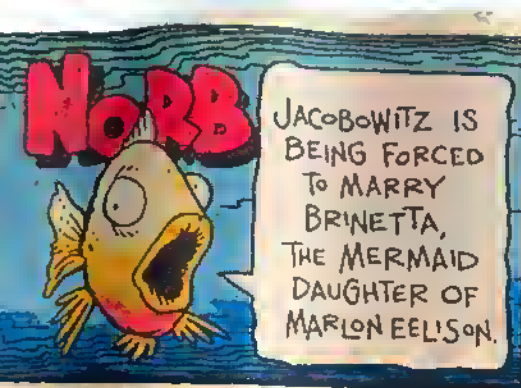




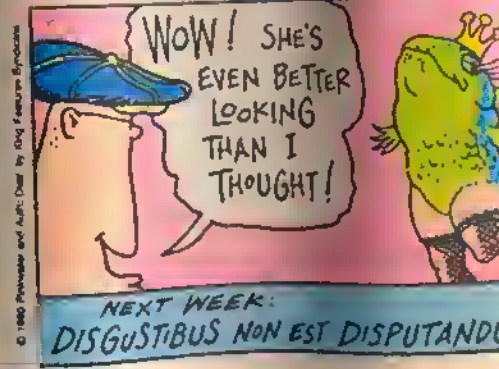
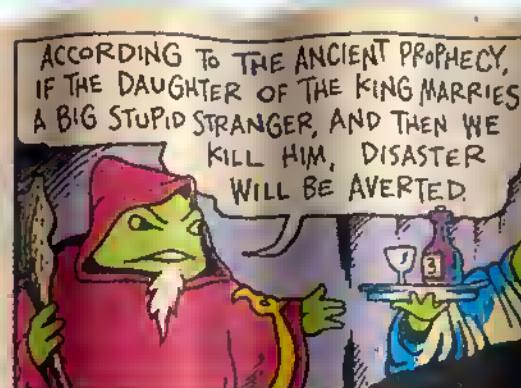


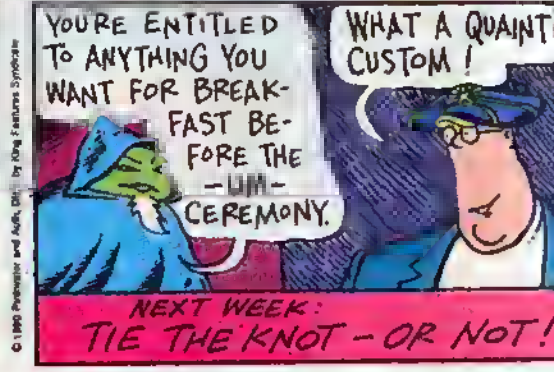
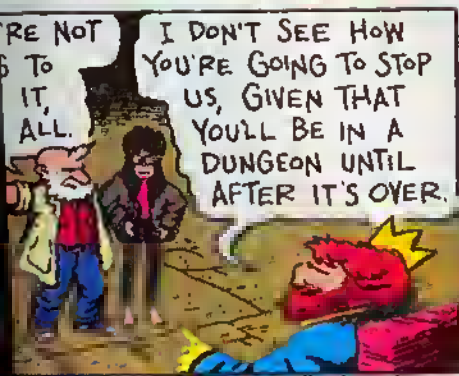


NEXT WEEK
SCALES OF INJUSTICE



JACOBOWITZ IS BEING FORCED TO MARRY BRINETTA, THE MERMAID DAUGHTER OF MARLON EEL'SON.





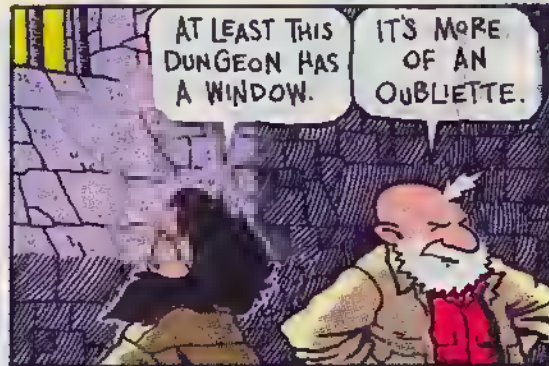
ORR AND RAT ARE IN AN INESCAPABLE DUNGEON, HOWITZ IS ABOUT TO MARRY ETTA THE NERD, NOT KNOWING ALL THEN BE SACRIFICED TO THE SCIENT GODS OF NEW HOBOKEN.

THIS IS WHAT I CALL BEING IN DEEP DOO-DOO.



AT LEAST THIS DUNGEON HAS A WINDOW.

IT'S MORE OF AN OUBLETTE.

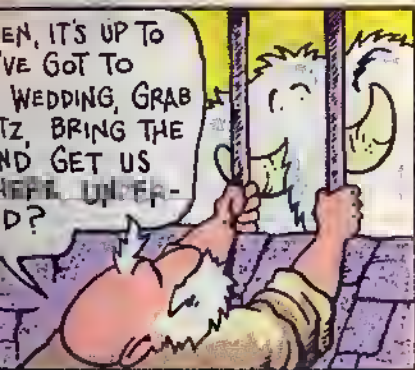


WHAT IS?

SAHA! LOOK! IT'S EUGEN!



EN, IT'S UP TO VE GOT TO WEDDING, GRAB TZ, BRING THE ND GET US EPL UN FR-D?



2-18

AUH/PINKWATER

WE'RE ALL SET! I EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO EUGEN.

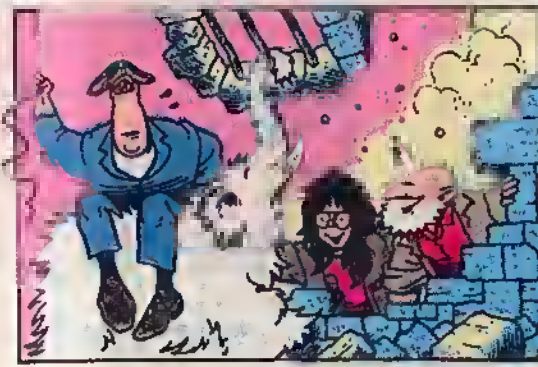
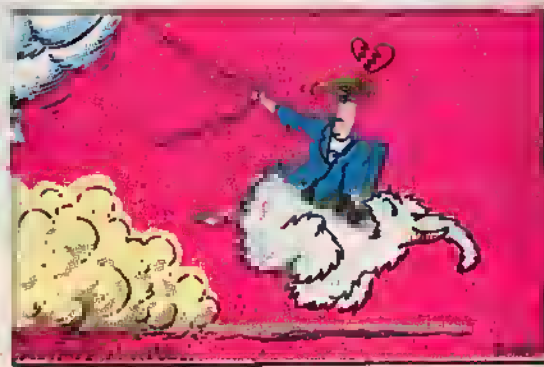
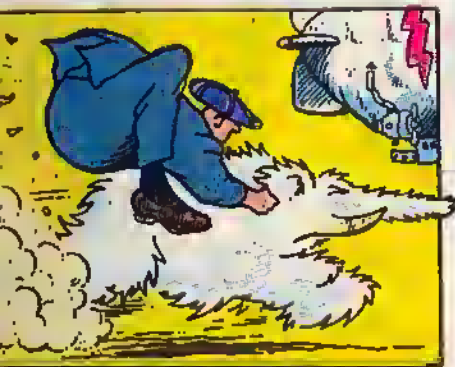
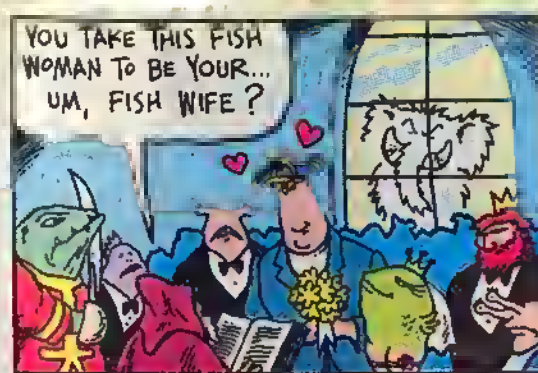
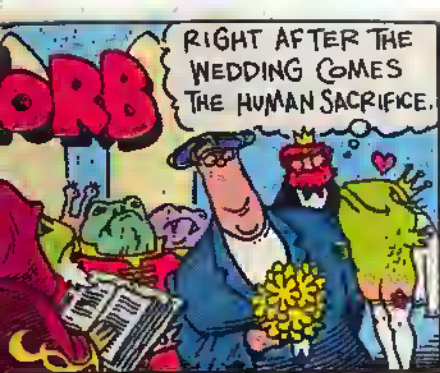


DOOMED. UTTERLY, UTTERLY DOOMED.

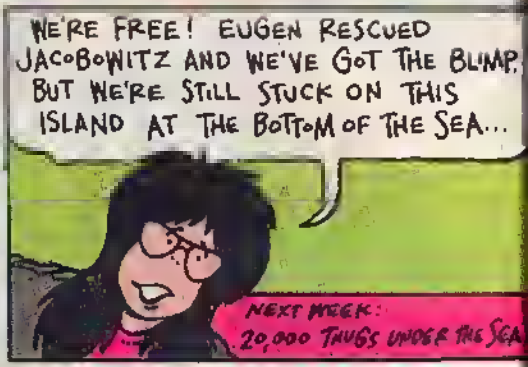


NEXT WEEK! MASTADOOM!

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NORB

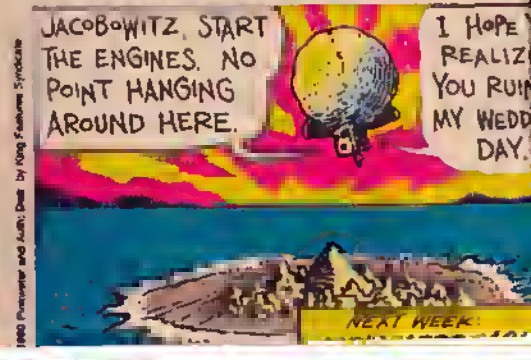
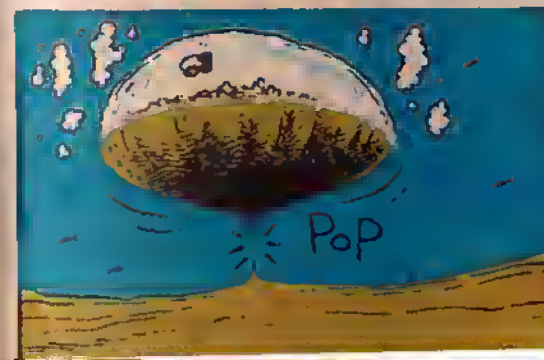
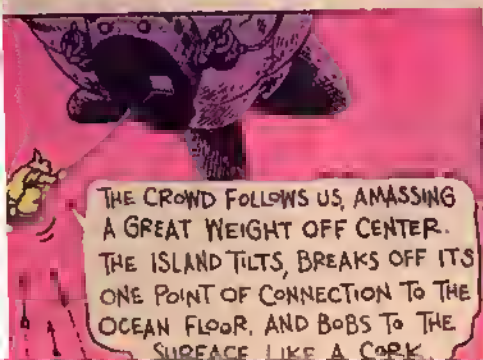
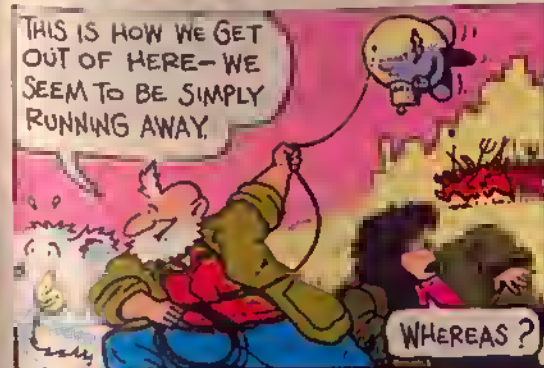
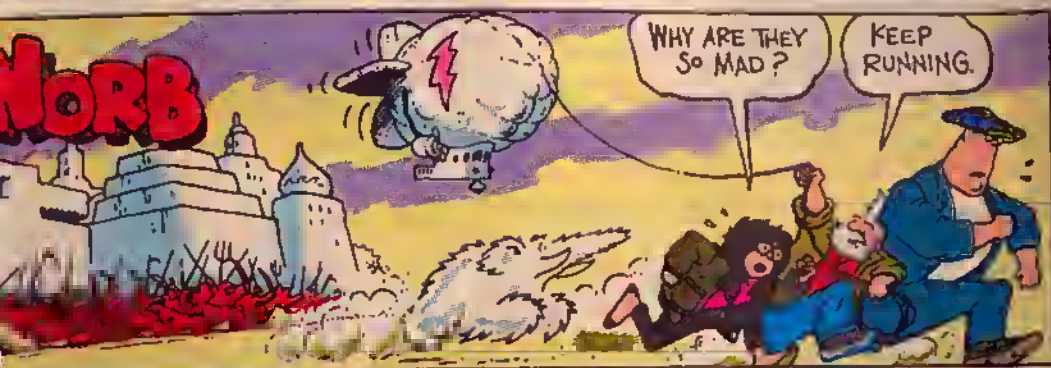
BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL PINKWATER



NORB

BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL FINKELBERG





NORB

BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL PINKWATER



NORB

BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL PINKWATER

OUR SUNDAY STORY THUS FAR: NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, ARE BUMMING AROUND THE PACIFIC. THEY STOP FOR FRESH WATER ON A TROPICAL ISLAND...



AUTH/PINKWATER

OK, WE SHOOT ENEMIES NOW. READY... AIM...



APRIL FOOL! OH, SO DROLL! WE MAKE JOKE TO INTERRUPT UNBEARABLE TEDIUM OF LIFE ON THIS ISLAND. ONLY A JEST. WILL NOT SHOOT.



HOWEVER, YOU ARE PRISONERS UNDER HONORABLE ARTICLES OF WAR. VERY SORRY.



ALLOW ME TO INFORM YOU THAT HOSTILITIES ENDED FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.



HA! COUNTER-APRIL FOOL, NO DOUBT.

HOWEVER, IF TRUE... INCREDIBLE! AMOUNT OF BACK PAY WAITING AT HOME.



BEST TAKE PRISONERS TO CAPTAIN KWAZI-MOTO NOW.

NEXT WEEK!
SLOWGUN!

NORB

BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL PINKWATER



NORB



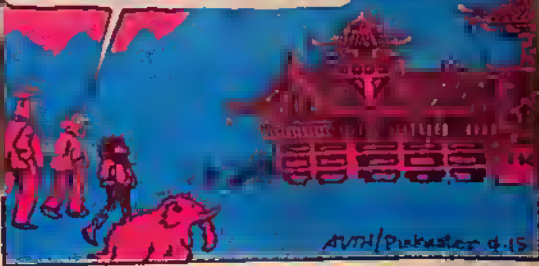
OUR LUNDAY STORY THUS FAR: WHILE VISITING A TROPICAL ISLAND, NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, HAVE MET THREE AGED SOLDIERS WHO DID NOT KNOW WWII WAS OVER. THEY ARE GIVING THEM A LIFT BACK TO JAPAN.



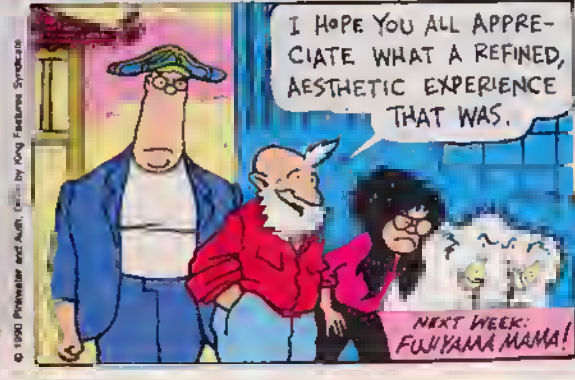
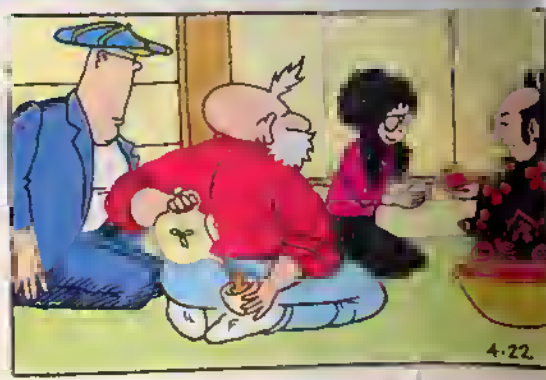
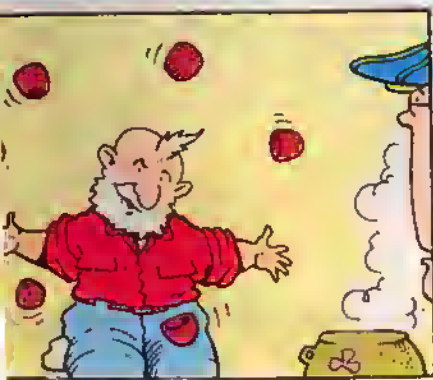
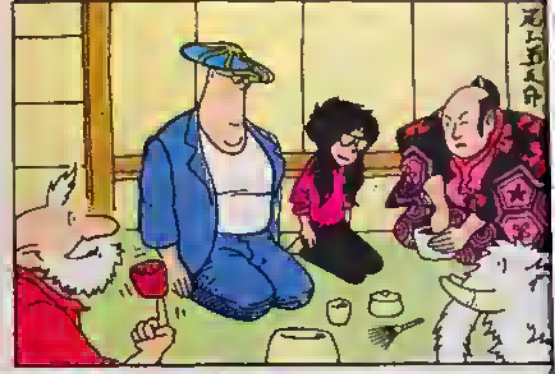
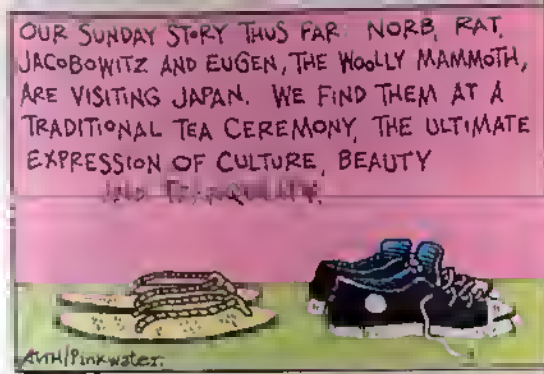
LEAVE YOU NOW, TO MAKE YOUR RE-
THE AUTHORITIES. PERHAPS LATER
ALL MEET AT A TYPICAL
E RESTAURANT.

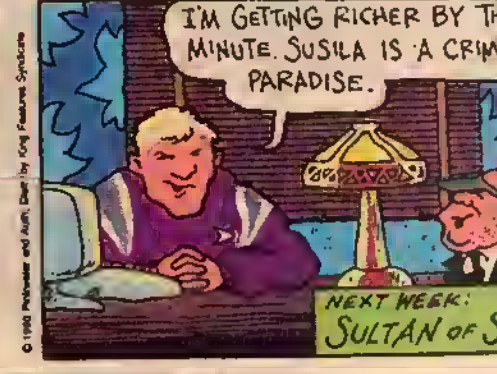
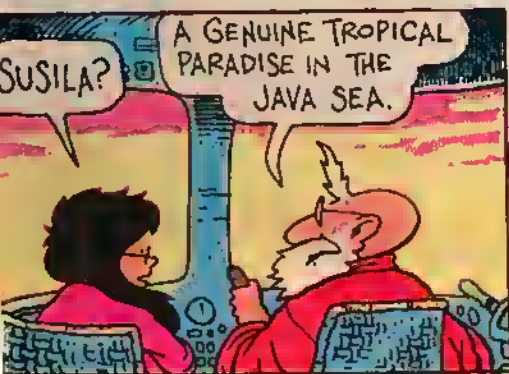
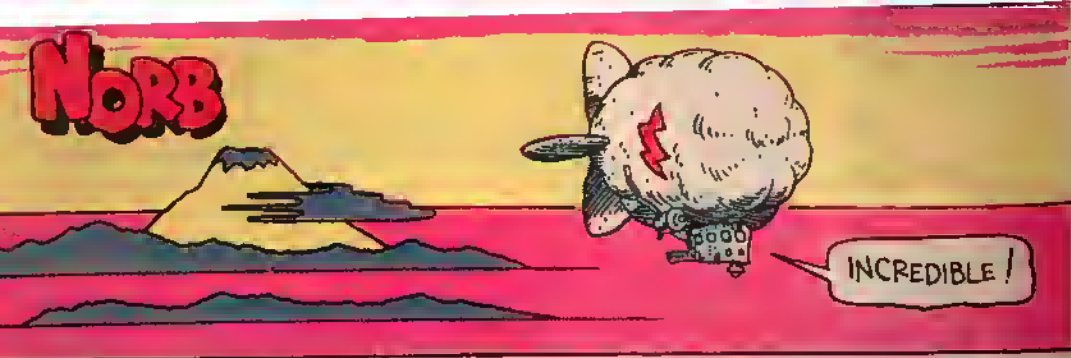


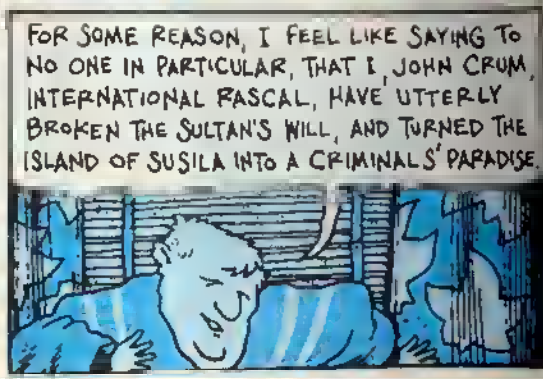
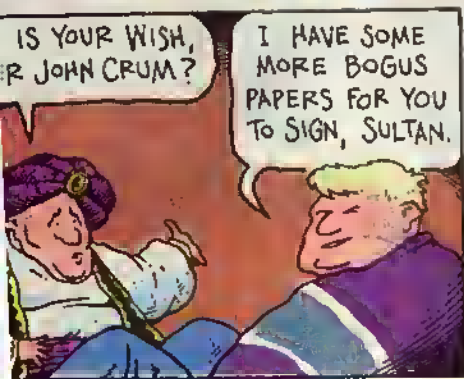
I'M GLAD WE HAVE THIS CHANCE TO VISIT
THIS ANCIENT COUNTRY, SO FULL OF
UNIQUE CULTURE AND ART.



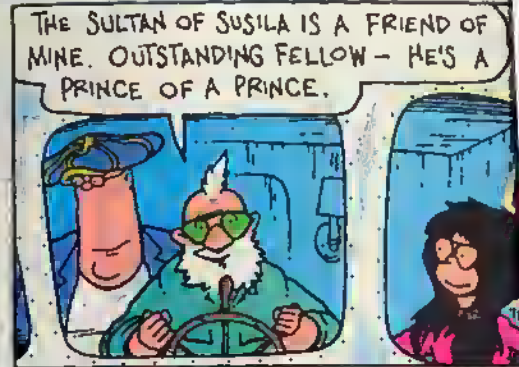
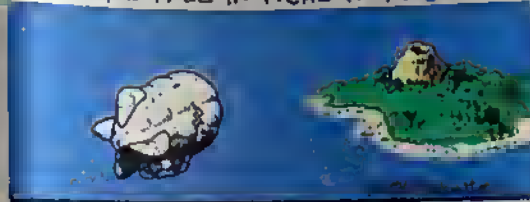
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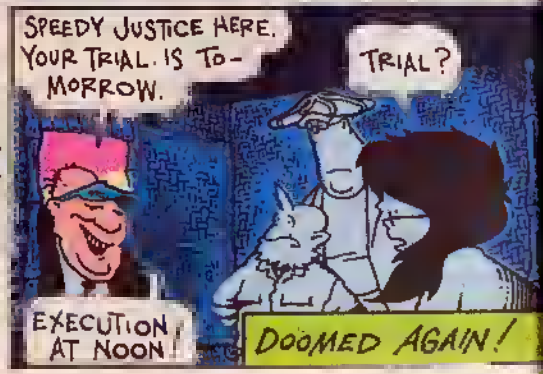
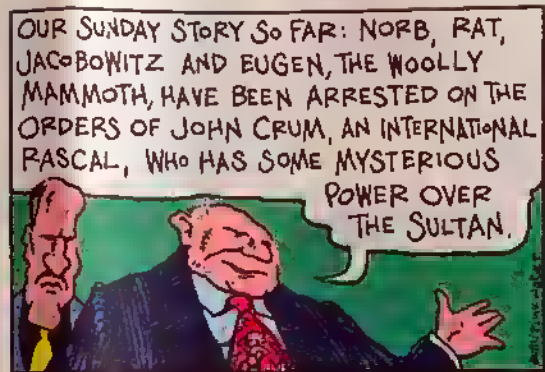
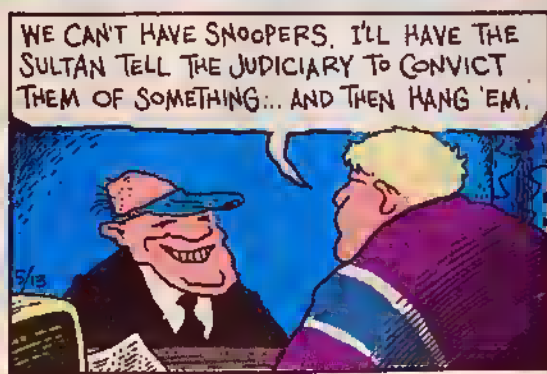
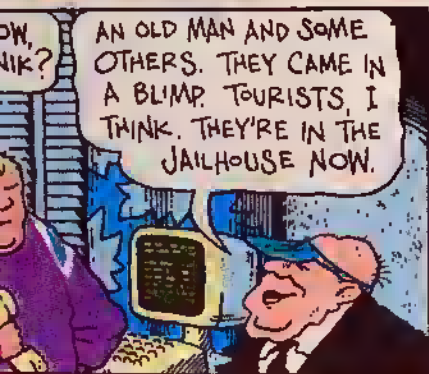


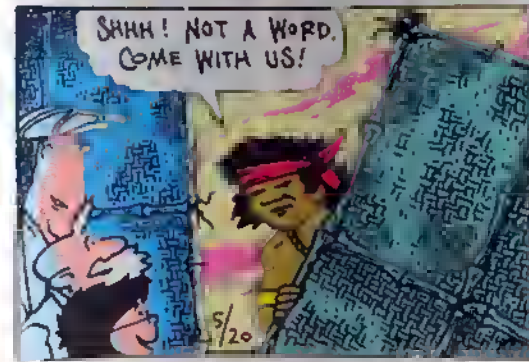
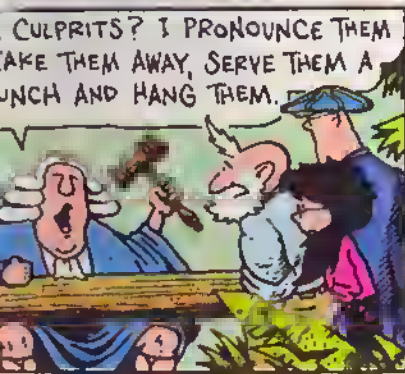
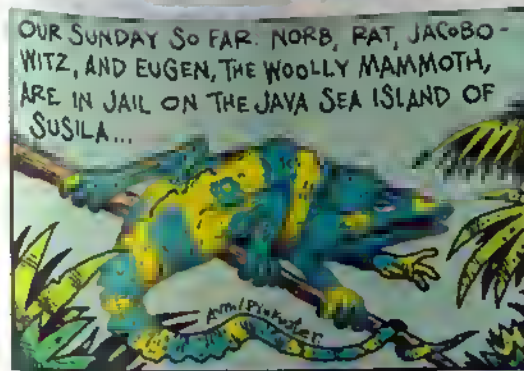




OUR SUNDAY STORY SO FAR: NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ, AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, ARE EN ROUTE TO THE JAVA SEA ISLAND OF SUSILA, WHICH NORB BELIEVES IS A CRIME-FREE TROPICAL PARADISE.





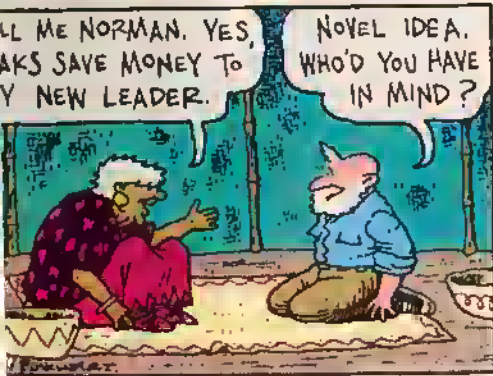




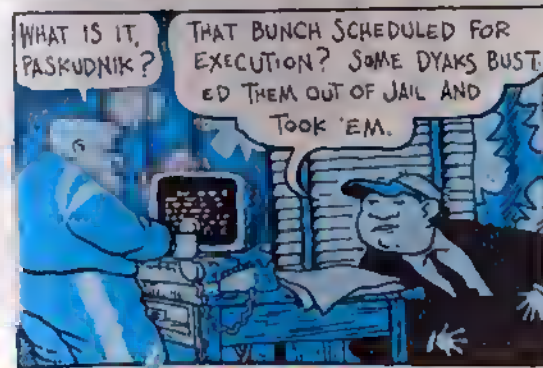
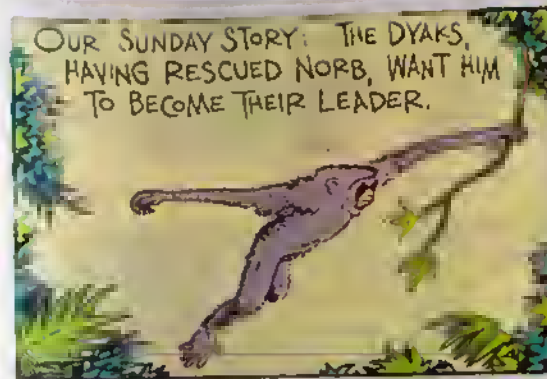
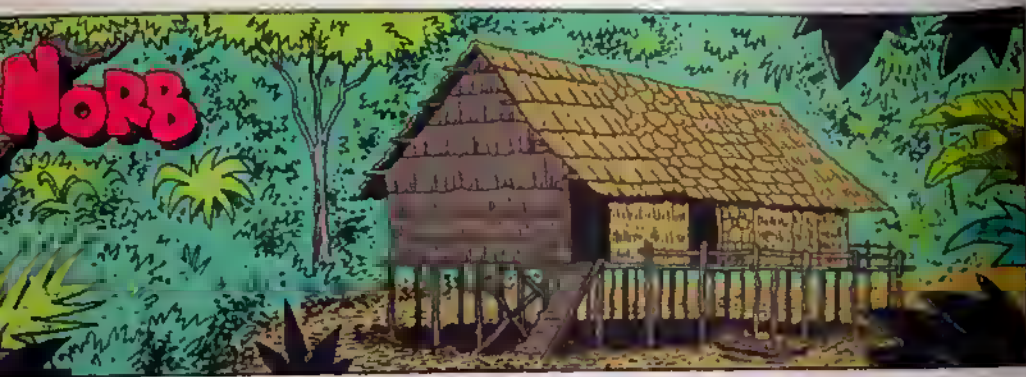
OUR SUNDAY STORY SO FAR: NORB, RAT, JACOBOWITZ, AND EUGEN, THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH, ARE ON THE ISLAND OF SUSILA. JOHN CRUM, INTERNATIONAL RASCAL, HAS GOT ALL SUSILA ISLANDERS TO INVEST IN BOGUS COMPANIES—ALL EXCEPT US DYAKS. HEADHUNTERS HAVE RESCUED THEM—OR HAVE THEY?

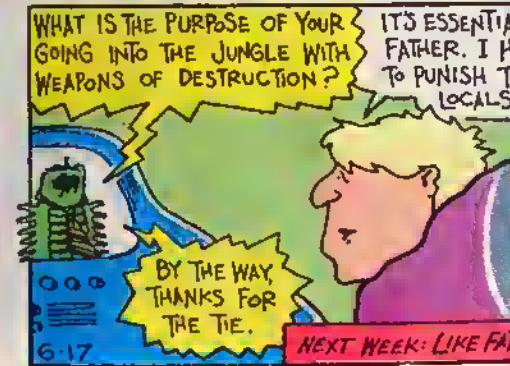
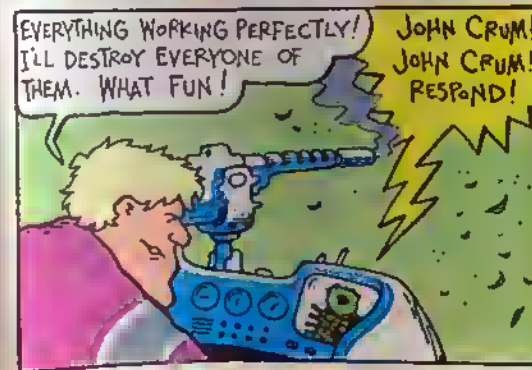
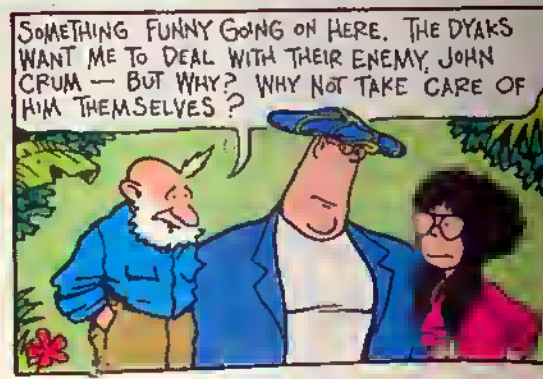
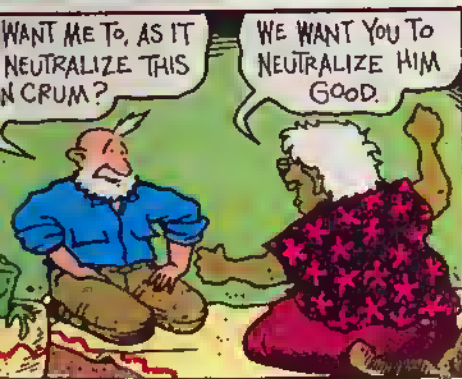


JOHN CRUM IS INTERNATIONAL RASCAL. OVER LOCAL ECONOMY—THEN CREATING HAVEN FOR CRIMINAL ENTERPRISES. GOT ALL SUSILA ISLANDERS TO INVEST IN BOGUS COMPANIES—ALL EXCEPT US DYAKS. YOU FEEL ARE SMART THAT, EH?



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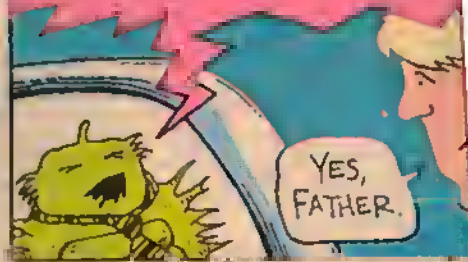
NORB



OUR SUNDAY STORY. JOHN CRUM, INTERNATIONAL RASCAL, HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A DISGUISED INTERGALACTIC RASCAL FROM A PLANET OF WORM ENTREPRENEURS.



SLIMEBO, MY SON, WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU TO DEVELOP PROFITABLE MARKETS AND SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS ON



HEF! JOHN CRUM IS
WAVING UP RIVER!
IT LOOKS LIKE SHOWDOWN!

WELL, NORB,
TIME FOR YOU TO
DO YOUR STUFF.

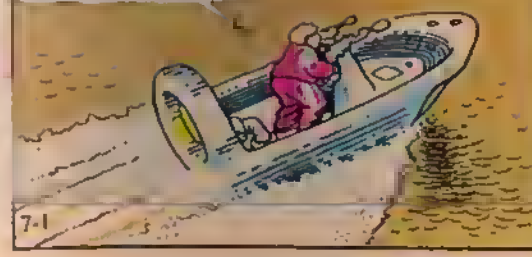


WHY ME?

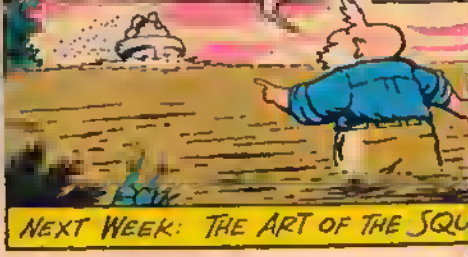
JOHN CRUM IS VERY DANGEROUS.
GETTING RID OF HIM MIGHT BE
FATAL... AND IF ANYONE SHOULD
GET HURT, WE WANT IT TO BE YOU.

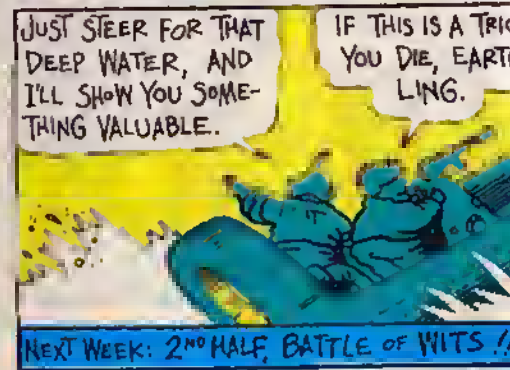
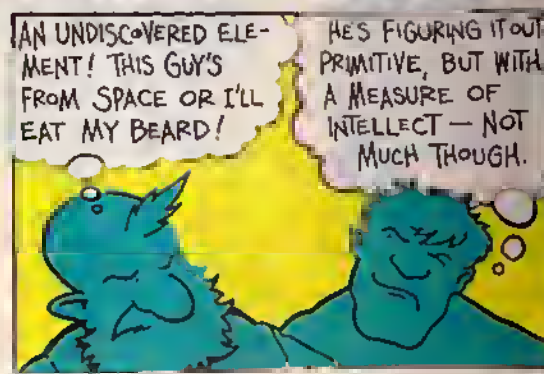
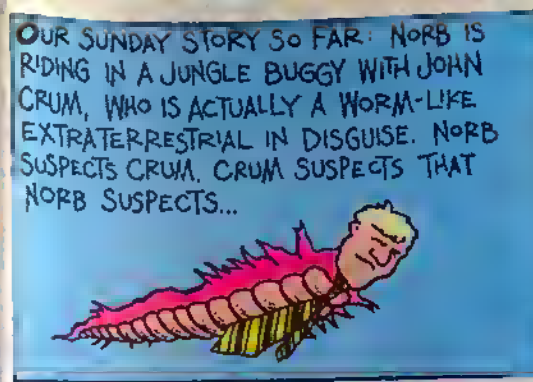
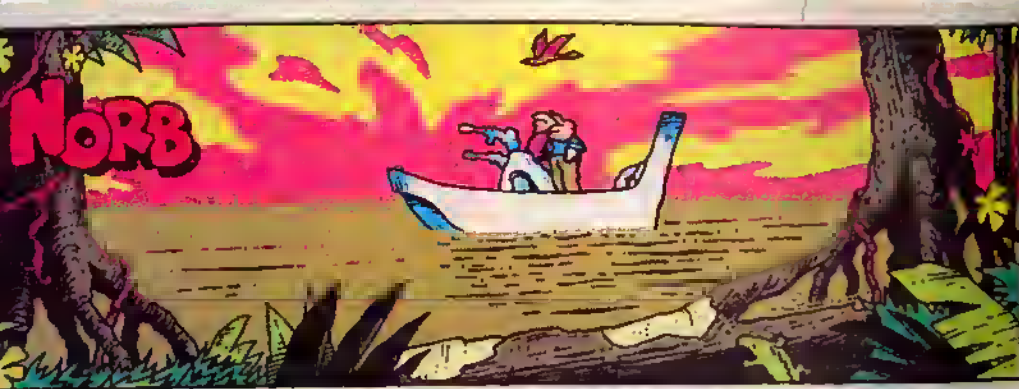


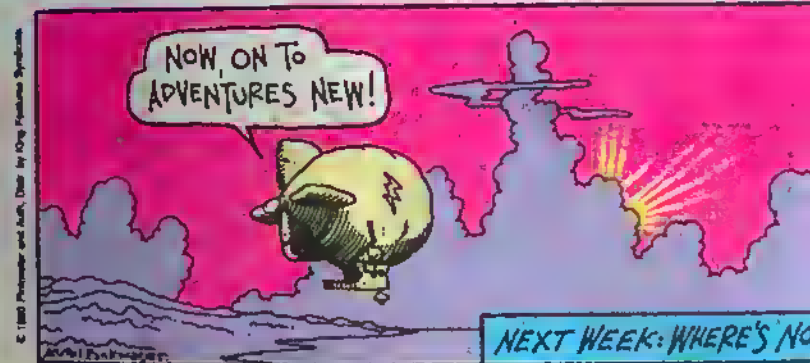
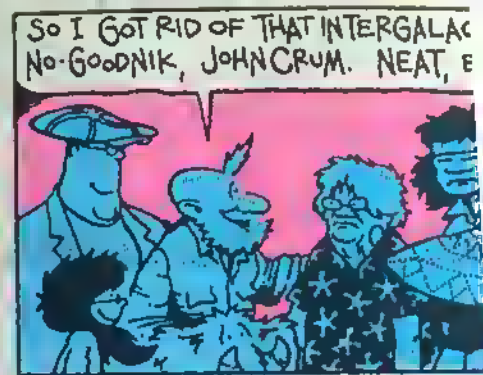
ALMOST THERE. I'LL LIQUIDATE THE USELESS
NATIVES AND THEN ACQUIRE THE TIMBER AND
MINERAL RIGHTS.



HERE HE COMES NOW. SOMETHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT THAT CRAFT OF HIS... AHoy! JOHN
CRUM! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU







NORB

BY TONY AUTH AND DANIEL PINKWATER

